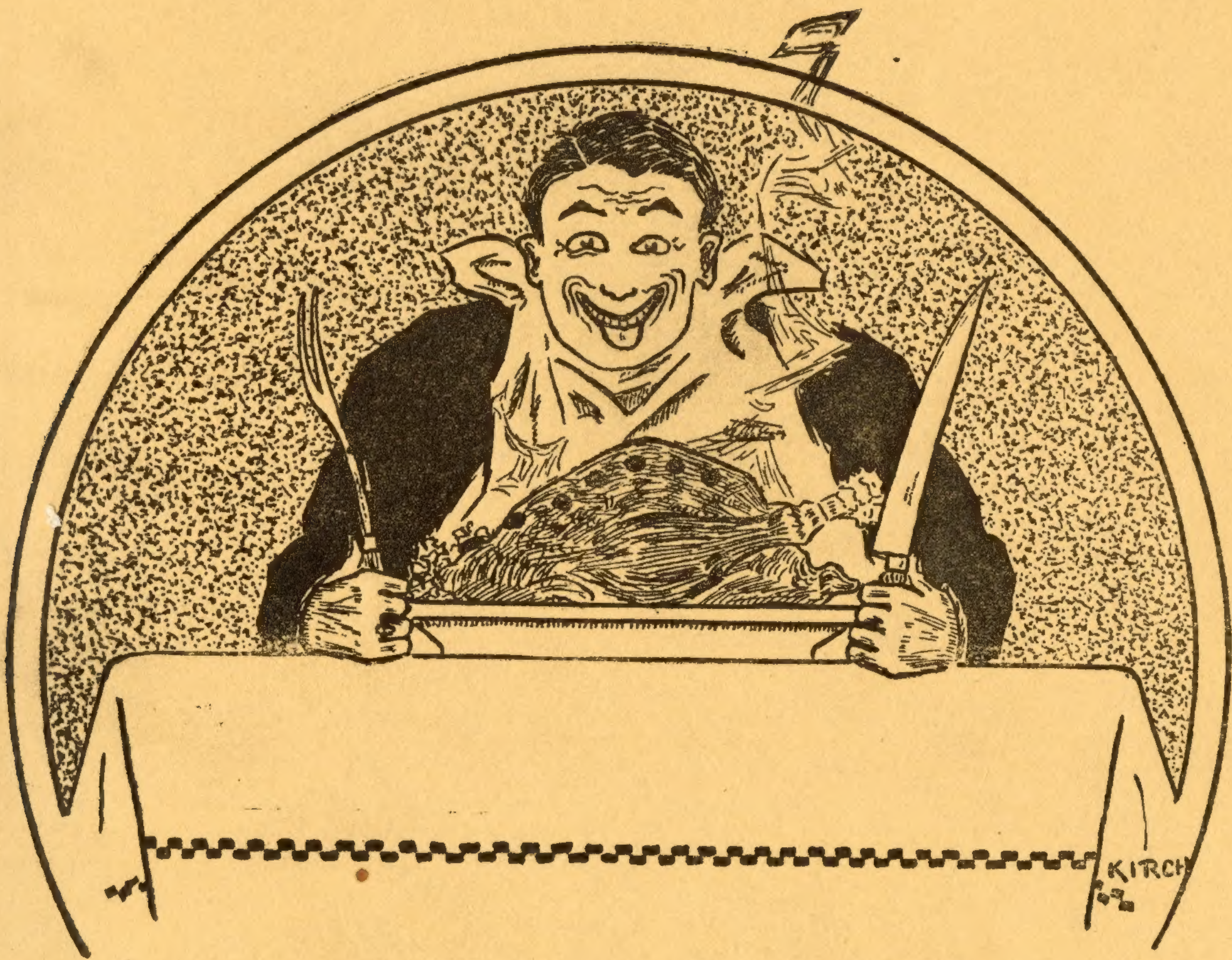


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The ACROPOLIS



NOVEMBER, 1917

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A PAPER BY THE STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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Literature

ALTHA GRAY, *Ch.*
PAUL GLEIM
MARY FISHER
MARIAN GIFFORD
CLARISSA HULSE
FRANCES GROSSEL

The Wrong Ship

BY MARIAN GIFFORD.

IF you were to take a sight-seeing drive through East Auro your driver would be sure to point out with a flourish of his whip a certain old colonial house much the worse for wear.

"That's Van Levan's ole place—first house built in this region," he would explain.

You would gaze idly upon it through your lorgnette and murmur, "How interesting"—and to yourself you would say, "Couple of coats of paint and a few thousand of shingles is what that house needs." You would then survey the neighboring butcher shop, bakery, grocery store, shabby flats, and the Wang Lee laundry.

You could readily understand how once this street was lined with noble old trees, of which there are so few remaining, and it is equally easy to picture stately homes with green blinds and brass knockers reposing beneath their over-spreading limbs. But those old mansions have gone and Van Levan's place alone remains—shabby, forlorn, and lonesome.

You would soon finish your tour of the town, catch your train for the city, and in time forget all about Van Levan's old mansion—but wait a minute! I have a yarn to spin about the Van Levans and it touches upon Wang Lee who keeps the laundry across the way.

While Mr. Van Levan was still in his prime, a greater amount of trouble than he was able to bear came his way. He shut himself up in his cheerless home and became a miserable recluse. Even his small motherless daughter was unable to bring him back to his former self. But fate compromised with the unfortunate man and his business suddenly began to boom. It was during these years that Mr. Van Levan formed the habit of hoarding money. How he loved to count it, pile it up before him, jingle it in his hands! By the time Almira, his only child, had reached the age of eighteen her father had sunken to the depths of miserliness, but he still went to the expense of upholding the former dignity associated

with the Van Levans. Almira wore the old-fashioned but expensive gowns of her mother's cut down to fit her. Mr. Van Levan always appeared in a rusty black frock coat and his white ruffled shirts were of the finest linen.

Almira Van Levan shunned all the advances which the sympathizing neighbors made with the exception of those extended by Wang Lee, the Chinaman who laundered her father's ruffled shirts.

He would tell her of his home across the sea, of the rice fields, the bamboo houses, the little Chinese women with their tiny feet.

"Whan Wang Lee ship come in, he go back 'cross sea. He wear long silkee dress, live in big bamboo house."

"When my ship comes in," Almira would confide, "I'll go to college, I'll buy all kinds of good looking clothes and hats galore! I'll go to theatres, and grand operas and in between times I'll travel. Now, there is Italy. Just imagine touring through Rome and Venice! Wang Lee," she would interrupt, "do you think it will ever come?"

"Sure he come. Justa wait a minute," Wang Lee would assure her.

One cold gray November morning Almira dashed breathlessly into the laundry. Her face was white and drawn, her eyes large and black.

"Wang Lee do this up right away," she begged as she pushed a crumpled package toward him.

"Why big hurry?" asked Wang Lee jovially.

"Father—father—oh he died last night and his last wish was to be buried in that shirt. It must be fresh and clean and Wang Lee, you *must* do it up by to-night."

"To bad. Wang Lee sorry. Ya, Wang Lee berry sorry. He do shirtee quick."

True to his word, Wang Lee began to work on the shirt at once.

"Some shirtee," he muttered as he drew it out

of the package and that it was. It was made of a very fine doubled linen, yellow with age. When handled it rustled as heavy taffeta, and when Wang Lee held it to the light he saw a peculiar yellow lining between the two pieces. There was a slit in one of the seams and by investigating Wang Lee found the shirt to be padded with yellow bills neatly sewed together. On one bill was written the hiding place of many more.

Wang Lee drew down the shades and quickly took out the bills which he arranged in neat piles and stored away.

That night as Almira sat by the fireside opposite a kind motherly neighbor, the neighbor's son tip-toed in and whispered loudly.

"Ma, there's a crazy Chink outside and he wants to see Almira."

"Tell him to go away. Almira isn't seeing people to-night."

"Oh, it is Wang Lee with the shirt. Tell him to come in," interposed Almira.

As she spoke Wang Lee entered, making a flip-flop noise with his sandals as he walked. Under his arm he carried a newspaper package which he unfolded before the girl's eyes and displayed a good sized stack of yellow bills * * *.

Back in his shop, flourishing a hot iron above a mass of damp linen, Wang Lee muttered, "He wrong ship. Right ship come yet all samee!"

I thank you.

A Narrow Escape

By M. R.

TAPS had sounded. Everyone had turned in, except the soldiers on sentry duty. The silence of the black night was broken by the steady tramp of the guards and the beating of the teeming rain upon the ground. A crowd of homesick, tired soldiers was in the tents which lined the camp street. They had enlisted at the beginning of the war, and had been ordered to the training camp at Northpoint. All had learned in a very short time that the business of being a soldier was a great deal more than dressing up in a uniform to be admired by every passerby.

Private Harwell, who was on duty that eventful night, had begun to patrol his division. The air was cold and the rain poured down harder than ever. At quarter of twelve, just as Harwell was making his last round, he heard a rustling sound at the entrance to the camp. He did not stop to give an alarm, but hurried over to the place from which the sound came. "Halt!" he cried, "Who goes there?" No answer. He repeated the command, but still no answer. By this time he could distinguish the form of a man about thirty feet away from him. He commanded him to halt for the third time, but the man kept moving slowly forward. Harwell fired a shot, the man fell to the ground. At once the other guards rushed over. Then the entire camp was aroused. Orders were shouted right and left: finally the man was picked up and carried to the emergency hospital tent. The doctors set to work immediately. The soldiers were trying to find Harwell to get the facts of the shooting, but he had gone to the hospital tent with the wounded man. The doctors found that he was seriously injured, but would recover. As soon as possible an officer searched his clothes, and found in his pocket a package wrapped securely, and sealed. It was opened immediately. The contents proved to be a number of maps and charts, also some documents written in a code. The officer sent

them to the Secret Service Department at Washington where they were carefully examined. The result of the examination was sent to the officials at Northpoint. The Secret Service man had decided that the contents of the package was the work of a spy.

In the meantime, Ralph Alden, the wounded man, had practically recovered. As soon as the results of the examination of the package were received at Northpoint, Ralph was accused of being a spy. At first he laughed; then when he saw the officials meant it, he was alarmed. When he was charged with carrying the charts, maps, etc., he said that he did not even know that they were in his pocket, or how they got there. Of course this sounded ridiculous and improbable. So Ralph was sent to the Government prison, which had been established for such cases, to await further action.

Now Ralph Alden was a young man, about twenty-two years of age. He was rather tall, and his dark eyes matched his brown, curly hair. He had such a frank, open countenance that he did not seem capable of doing any underhand work. Ralph was very much interested in Ruth Hamilton, a nurse at the City Hospital, which was situated about a half mile from the camp at Northpoint. Ralph had almost reached the point of proposing to Ruth, but now he feared his chances were gone. He thought to himself over and over again, "Even if I am innocent, who would want to marry a jail-bird?"

The incident had been published in the newspapers, so all Ralph's friends, including Ruth Hamilton, knew about it.

Finally the day upon which Ralph was to be tried arrived. When Ralph was taken before the judge he was commanded to tell his story, which was this: "On the evening of April tenth I went to the City Hospital to call on Miss Ruth Hamil-

(Continued on page 17.)

In Ye Days of Long Ago

BY BURKE BOYCE.

Chapter Two.

TENTS—a sea of them—a billowing flood, undulating, rippling, swelling, sinking—low tents, high tents, small tents, large tents, square tents, round tents, canvas tents, silken tents, some plain, some brightly striped and colored—this was the sight upon which Alleyne looked one glorious summer day.

This vast and billowing sea of tents was the camp of the Crusaders, and a huge camp it was. Kings and Emperors and their various trains, from France, England, Austria, Germany, were all gathered together in one great assembly.

The Crusaders were encamped in front of the city of Acre, in Palestine. They had laid siege to it nearly two years before, but had been able to accomplish nothing. Now they were filled with hope and joy, for had not King Richard the Lion-hearted just arrived and sworn to capture the city? With King Richard had come Lord Cunningham and his son, as well as many other powerful Lords and Nobles.

So it came about that six months after leaving Banaster Castle, Alleyne was viewing from a nearby hill the camp of the Crusaders. He was fairly bursting with joy and eagerness. He was in the Holy Land! He was a Crusader! Oh, the many battles to be fought, the glory to be achieved, the victories to be won! He would become a celebrated knight; he would enter Jerusalem in triumph; then he would go back to England, to Banaster Castle; he would—a slight rustling of leaves broke in upon his thoughts. He turned toward the place whence the sound issued, waiting. A moment later a young page stepped forth from the tangle of shrubs that grew about, and bowed to him.

"What would'st thou, sirrah?" Alleyne liked not the interruption.

"Thy sire, Lord Cunningham, desires to speak with thee at once," replied the page.

"Very well. Lead on, I will follow."

The page and the squire wended their way down the hillside and through the camp to the tent of the Cornwall Lord. Here they separated, the page going one way and Alleyne the other, for the tent was divided into several sections by silken draperies. Into the inmost of these compartments the youth made his way, not without some fear. For it was not like his father to send for him without stating the reason for his doing so. It must be some secret bad news, or some new plan. Or could it be that he had neglected his duties as a squire, or had failed to pay his respects to some passing knight? He could not tell. Then, putting an end to his worries, he stepped into his father's room.

Lord Cunningham was seated on a low couch opposite the doorway, with his shining steel helmet upon his knee. By his side was the rest of his armor. As his son entered, he glanced up.

"Alleyne," he began, "The day has at last arrived! King Richard has sent for us to appear before him, and I know that he intends sending us upon some secret expedition. If we succeed, fame and fortune are ours, for he who pleases Coeur-de-Lion has never cause to complain thereafter. Do you help me don my armor, then don thine own."

Alleyne was nearly stupefied by the news, but he began at once to assist his father in putting on his best and strongest armor. 'Twas a truly wonderful suit, composed of fine links of strongest steel, and lined with soft leather: steel gauntlets, inlaid with thin lines of gold; a strong, heavy helmet, with a thick visor; his leather belt studded with jewels; a huge, two-handed sword, a battle ax, and a long, triangular shield, with the Lion rampant of the Cunninghams emblazoned on it. Lord Cunningham, when dressed and ready for battle, was a very formidable opponent. As Alleyne stooped to fasten on the gold spurs that gave a final touch to his father's equipment, he felt a thrill that some day he would be wearing gold spurs. When would that day come?

At last, all armed and ready, the knight and squire set out for the tent of King Richard. After winding about for a while amid the throng of tents, they suddenly came upon a huge silken pavilion, in front of which floated the royal Lions of England. On each side of the entrance stood two men-at-arms, immovable as statues. Upon looking inside, one could obtain faint glimpses of rich velvets and tapestries stiff with gold, and low mahogany or teakwood stools. While every few moments knights clad in full armor, squires carrying their master's shield or spear, or maybe little silken-hosed pages would pass in and out.

Our two friends stepped inside the pavilion, where they were met by a knight who conducted them to the private apartment of Coeur-de-Lion. At the door of this room, he motioned to them to enter, and, turning on his heel, strode off, leaving Lord Cunningham and his son to face the royal presence alone. Nothing daunted, however, they pushed aside the drapery which covered the portal, and entered.

The King was the only person in the room. He was standing in the center of the floor—nay, not only standing, he was pacing back and forth like a person who has a great decision to make within a few hours. For the first few seconds he did not notice the two newcomers, so that Alleyne had ample time to take note of one of the most famous personages in history. King

Richard Coeur-de-Lion was first and foremost a warrior, and his appearance showed the effects of his strenuous training. He had a powerfully built frame, with broad shoulders and a deep chest; his neck was corded and thick, resembling a huge pillar; and the head which surmounted it was well-shaped, and covered with light hair. His face showed the marks of battle, but his blue eyes burned with an unquenchable fire, revealing the spirit within. He was clothed in silk robes, the only warlike thing about him being the immense, two-handed sword which hung at his side.

After a few moments he noticed the two men, who bowed as he turned toward them.

"Ah, my good Cunningham," he exclaimed, "Thou hast come at last."

"Your command, my liege, was somewhat unexpected, and found me all unready at the moment," replied the Lord.

"'Tis well. But now to the matter at hand, which is most important and pressing. A short statement will suffice."

"Our camp, as *thou* know'st, is constantly surrounded by troops of the enemy, mounted on swift steeds. *Thou* know'st, also, that our supply of water was obtained from a nearby stream. But now the pagans have damned the brook, and are keeping back the water. It will be necessary to break that blockade, and also to secure an extra supply of the precious fluid in casks. The task will be difficult, but a true knight, with fifty men, should be able to gain no small honour and pleasure from the attempt. I have picked thee out for the deed, my Lord of Cunningham. What say'st thou? Wilt attempt it?"

The face of Lord Cunningham was radiant. "Need'st thou ask, Sir? Command, and I obey."

And so it happened that about six hours later, in the fast-disappearing twilight, a small but well-armed troop of men set forth from the camp of the Christians, having at their head a knight astride a huge black horse, and his squire, riding a smaller, fleeter steed. The party wound out of the camp and into the low hills which surrounded it, advancing with all the stealth possible. Outposts were established to keep watch on the flanks and rear, for the Saracens were dreaded for their quick and silent manoeuvres. On and on the expedition went, searching for the place where the stream had been damned. Finally, half an hour later, they came upon the spot. A thick mass of branches and mud had been thrown across the channel, deflecting the stream, which, turning aside, tumbled gaily down another slope and ambled out onto a sandy plain, where it was soon absorbed into the earth.

After a careful but cautious survey of the surrounding country, the men went to work with spears and swords. 'Twas a long task, one requiring perseverance as well as strength, but eventually it was done. Then, filling the water casks, they started back. They had not advanced two rods, however, before a cry from the sentry

in their rear stopped them. It was a choking, strangling cry, and was not repeated. An instant later the scout whom they had sent out in front came running back, blood pouring from a wound in his head.

"Flee, Sir, flee," he screamed, mad with fright, "They are coming—they ride like devils—they glisten in the moonlight—they're inhuman—ooo-o-oh." With a long-drawn wail he swooned at Lord Cunningham's feet.

Alleyne, at the mention of moonlight, involuntarily cast a glance upward and saw that there was indeed a moon, although dark clouds were threatening to hide it. This he noticed in an instant. The next instant, though, he forgot moon, clouds, and all, for the Saracens attacked.

Sweeping in from all sides, they flung themselves with fury upon the orderly ranks of the Christians, which the Knight had formed at once. They were mounted on swift steeds, and attacked with the speed of wasps. Nor was their sting less deadly. Man after man fell, as the sword of an enemy would find its way through his defense. Blows were struck with the speed of lightning, were returned with the force of a hammer. One Crusader, quicker than the rest, flung himself upon a riderless steed as it galloped by, and charged the enemy furiously. He dashed through their ranks, striking right and left, his bobbing crest showing above the sea of swords as he fought his futile battle. Soon it went down, and the swords closed around the spot like waters about a whirlpool.

Such an unequal battle could not last long: the Saracens broke through the ranks of the men-at-arms, driving them back onto the sandy plain where the brook terminated. Alleyne found himself suddenly face to face with a wiry Arab, while another flung himself upon Lord Cunningham. Whirling his sword about his head, Alleyne swung it downward with a mighty stroke. The Arab, a bit flustered at so suddenly meeting with a horseman, put up his guard too late: the sword of the squire clove his head to the teeth. Nor did the opponent of Lord Cunningham fare any better. Elated by his success, Alleyne hurled himself upon another Arab who was riding toward him at full speed. They met with a crash, their swords striking sparks as they parried and thrust. Alleyne watched eagerly for an opening, and soon saw one. An instant later the sword of the infidel flew from his hand. Quick as a flash, however, he seized his battle-ax and with a stunning blow upon the head knocked Alleyne from his horse. Then, leaving him for dead, he rode over to join in the combat around Lord Cunningham.

That gallant knight was hard pressed. Six powerful Arabs surrounded him, all attacking him at once. He swept his huge sword in a circle, killing two of his opponents. Down came his battle-ax, crushing the skull of another one.

A fourth he wounded in the side. Only two of his enemies were left around him. One was slain with his battle-ax, while the other he killed in a close struggle by means of his dagger. At last! A breathing spell. He was sore wounded: his helmet was gone, and blood streamed from his head; another gash on his thigh marked where a sword had bitten deep, and huge pieces had been cut from his armor. But he was not to rest long. Another group dashed toward him. He struggled forward, urging his gallant horse to its utmost. He crashed into the mass of Saracens. His sword whirled. He was a madman, a Hercules, a Ulysses, all in one! His eyes flashed fire! But human strength cannot struggle long against such odds. The whirlings of his sword grew slower. His battle-ax was losing its power. But still more Arabs fell. At last, when his battle-ax merely dented the helmet of one of the Saracens, he knew that the end had come. Wounded in a dozen places, streaming blood from many wounds, he fell to the ground amidst a pile of his slain opponents.

By this time the remaining men of his troop had retreated into a small cavern near-by, where they were withstanding with better success the attacks of the enemy. With their rear protected, they gained courage, and cut down all who came within their reach.

It was at this critical point that Alleyne awoke from his swoon, gazing around him with a wondering expression. But as his strength returned, so did his memory, and in a few moments he was able to grasp the situation. Quickly he thought out a plan of action. Rising to his feet, he seized the stirrup of an Arab steed, of which there were many straying about the field, and swung himself into the saddle. After riding back and forth for a little while to gain complete strength, he wheeled his horse, charging the Arabs with a swift, silent rush. As he drew near to them, the

moon went under a cloud, rendering his attack all the more mysterious. He struck with all his might, wounding two at the first blow, and another with the second.

The Arabs, caught entirely off their guard, were terrified. They could see but dimly this new danger which was threatening them. And when the moon shone again, revealing Alleyne's face to them, they recognized the squire whom they had seen fall early in the fight. Their ranks wavered, then broke. Superstitious fear overcame them. Alleyne's sword hewed gaps in their ranks. They turned and fled, disappearing among the hills as silently as they had come.

There was great rejoicing among the Christians to find Alleyne alive. But their joy was considerably lessened upon seeing the youth's grief for his father. Mournfully, slowly, they retraced their steps to the camp, Alleyne riding along in a daze, as if it were all some horrible nightmare. Upon reaching the camp, he gave orders for the water to be distributed, then went and reported to King Richard all that had happened. That done, he retired to his tent, and, flinging himself upon his couch, burst into tears. When his grief was slightly spent, he was roused by a messenger ordering him to report again to the King. He did so at once.

Richard faced him with a kind smile as he entered the room.

"Thou hast done a brave deed, sir squire. Nay, blush not. I have received report of how you routed the enemy. Thy father died nobly, and shall be given a fitting burial. His body was brought back to camp by your orders, I find. Grieve not, lad, but make ready for some joyful news. Thou hast saved the army, and as its saviour shalt receive a rich reward. To-morrow thou shalt be knighted by our hand, and shalt become Sir Alleyne, Lord of Cunningham."

NEW JERSEY EDITORS' LEAGUE.

On October 13th, the New Jersey Editors' League held its first meeting of the present school year at Emerson High School, West Hoboken. A large amount of business was transacted, the most important of which was the election of officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Burke Boyce, of Barringer, was elected president to succeed Mr. Irving Gibson Idler, the retiring president, also of Barringer. The other officers elected were: Vice-President, Miss Anna Besig, Editor-in-Chief of *The Mirror*, Emerson High School; Treasurer, Mr. Alfred Stone, Emerson High School; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Charles Winans, Jr., Paterson High School; and Recording Secretary, Mr. Donald Marshall,

Emerson High School. In addition to the election, several amendments to the Constitution were proposed, and a plan was mapped out whereby each meeting would be fully attended. The Corresponding Secretary was ordered to get in touch with a leading high school publication of Southern New Jersey, in the interest of forming an Editors' League of Southern New Jersey. The following schools were represented: Barringer, East Orange, South Side, Union Hill, Emerson, Montclair and Paterson.

After a general discussion the meeting adjourned and refreshments were enjoyed by all present. The next meeting was scheduled to be held at Barringer High School, November 10th.

THE ACROPOLIS

Entered as Second-class matter December 20, 1907, at the post office at Newark, N. J., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUPILS OF THE BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL, SUBSCRIPTION BY MAIL \$1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS EACH. FOR ADVERTISING RATES ADDRESS THE BUSINESS MANAGER

Contributions are solicited from the students and graduates of this school. All matter intended for publication must be submitted to the editor before the first of the month in which it is to appear. The Acropolis Box will be found outside the Sanctum and is for the reception of notes and personals.

VOL. XVIII. OFFICE: BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL SANCTUM, NEWARK, N. J. NO. 10

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NEWARK, N. J., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1917.

FEEDING OUR ALLIES.

Our Allies' greatest needs are wheat, meat, flour, fats and sugar. In normal times the United States generally sent them 80,000,000 bushels of wheat. But this year we must send them 150,000,000 bushels and we can do it if every one in the United States will reduce his weekly consumption of wheat from five pounds to four pounds. Mr. Hoover asks that for wheat we substitute corn, oats, rye, barley, and rice. War bread and corn pone are more palatable and nutritious than peace bread and wheat muffins.

Mr. Hoover especially urges the increased use of vegetables. We have always had large crops of vegetables, but this year it is still larger and we can use double portions without scarcity. For example, as against 356,000,000 bushels of potatoes raised in the United States last year, we have 540,000,000 bushels this year. Surely this is enough and to spare.

One object of the United States Food Administration is to prevent hoarding, speculation, and waste. In Louisiana dealers used to dump

shiploads of bananas into the bay to keep up the prices, in California they disposed of salmon in the same way, while in New York City they got rid of great quantities of fish likewise. But hereafter such acts will be punishable with a fine of \$5,000 and two years' imprisonment. This law was passed by our recent Congress at the instigation of Mr. Hoover.

A direct opportunity has been given the 22,000,000 housewives of the country to identify themselves with this great movement by signing the food conversation pledge which simply obligates them to follow the directions of the Commission so far as possible.

To sum it all up, "Eat plenty, wisely, and without waste, and help win the war."

"OVER THE TOP."

"Over the top!" is the command given in the British Army just before the men leave the trenches for the charge. It means, "Go to it! Get after them, and don't stop until you get

them! And the best of luck to you!" All that is expressed in those three words.

We picked out that expression because we felt that it signified just what we wanted to say. It means for us that Thanksgiving Day and the great game are at hand; it means that we must charge heart and soul into the game, and must not stop until we "get them." Our opponents are formidable, and are beginning to boast already of the score. Of course it is all right to boast, but it seems to us that we had better boost.

We are not saying this to the members of the team alone. We are saying it to the school, and to every person in it. Your help is needed to win the game. It's up to you, personally, as to what kind of a showing the team will make on Thanksgiving. Go to the game, and cheer for all you are worth. If you can't go to the game, tell everybody you know to cheer for you. If you know any fellow on the team, tell him you'll be watching him and cheering for him. Do all you possibly can to help and encourage the fellows who are fighting for us.

Get behind the boys. They have been fighting for you all season, now you can fight for them. Show them we're not afraid of the game on Thanksgiving, but rather are proud of their prowess. "Over the top" with you, and on to victory!

THE AUDITORIUM.

It was with a sense of pleasure that we wrote last month's editorial concerning the New State Law, and its requirements. Nor did we feel indignant when an extra half-hour was added to our school day. For we felt that both those things were necessary to the welfare of the country.

But we should like to enquire, very respectfully, what is being done with the extra half-hour and the new law. We can see, of course, that the three periods of gymnasium per week fulfil the requirements of the law, but is the extra half-hour needed to give us those three periods? We believe not, for it is evident that, as they are forty-five minute periods, all we are doing is converting a study period into a gym. period. The extra half-hour is not needed there.

Thus it becomes apparent that the half-hour is used up in the auditorium; that the half-hour which was intended to instruct us in becoming good citizens is being given over to singing. The singing and speechmaking are very pleasant, but we do not like to be told that we are staying in school for our country, when we are in reality staying in to sing. Incidentally, we are sure that the school would not object to staying a little longer if we were to hear such speakers as Captain Whitwell and Mr. Fort every day. But we know that that is impossible.

Mr. Stearns and the faculty, have, we are sure, done their best to think of a way out of the difficulty. They have suggested, and are trying the

method, of having one grade each day absent itself from the auditorium to listen to talks on government and hygiene by some of our most noted instructors. But while one class is receiving this benefit, what are the rest of us doing? Why do we have to stay longer because that one grade has to be instructed?

We realize that it is a hard question for all concerned, but we think that we are backed by the school in saying that we see no good in giving up that extra half-hour, which was intended for patriotic purposes, to singing. We, ourselves, should much more appreciate a study period. We are not trying to start "school riots" such as have taken place in New York. We are not trying to criticize our efficient, hard-working faculty. We are merely asking, WHY?

HONOR ROLL.

- 4A Room 31. Ethel Gansler, Fred Green, Robert Mapletoft, Walter Weinberg.
- Room 65. Dorothea Schiffmayer, Mildred Turner, Eleanor Weber, Sanford Gregory.
- 4B Room 26. Marguerite Schlueter, Richard Banchelle, Alexander Lewi, Harry Schaffer.
- Room 32. Camilla Browning, Anna Douthert, Dorothy Gorham, Katherine Sayre.
- Room 56. Joseph Crecca, Dudley Foster.
- Room 61. Mary Fisher, Evelyn Gardiner, Lois Miller, Marion Smith.
- 3A Room 25. Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller, William Fleishfarb.
- Room 36. Jean Judson, Marion See.
- Room 41. Edmund Cox, George Lange-necker, Jacob Shulman.
- Room 66. Dorothy Prell, Elsie Steinmetz, David Wullmen.
- 3B Room 37. Clarissa Hulse.
- Room 51. Mercedes Burnett.
- Room 55. Edward King.
- Room 63. Ellen Sutton.
- 2A Room 33. Tillie Gekow, Charles Bremer, Harold Erickson.
- Room 35. Marguerite Rusby.
- Room 50. Dorothy Work, Edith Johnston.
- Room 59. Frances Gordinier, Florentine Jauss, Mildred Schleuter.
- 2B Room 42. Eda Ahn, Matilda Strasburger, Marion Thompson.
- Room 43. Isabel Cary, Lucile Jessurun, Melvin Jackley, Walter Scott.
- Room 45. Fannie Jones, Mary Meeker, Dorothy Simmons, Katherine Wicks, Philip Nohemie.
- Room 67. Hortense Fish, Florence Brown, John Cairns, Sherman Corwin.
- 1A Room 60. Helen Alcott, Arline Allsop, Louise Jewett, Dorothy Stone, Elizabeth Wehner.
- Room 69. Florence Meyerson, Helen Poppler.

(Continued on page 17.)



PRO PATRIA

AGNES POOLE, *Ch.*
HELEN SHEEHAN

GRACE CAIRNS
ROBERT BISHOP

FOREWORD.

In starting this new department, it has not been our idea to instill patriotism into our fellow-students, for we think they are already patriotic.

What we do aim to do is to gather under one head all the news which pertains to the Great War, and to our part in it.

We hope you will find the department interesting.—THE EDITOR.

TROOP A 104TH MILITARY POLICE TWENTY-NINTH DIVISION CAMP McCLELLAN.

ANNISTON, ALA., October 29, 1917.

To the "Acropolis":

I wrote a short paragraph four days ago, and from that time until now I have been too busy to write. I will make a fresh start.

There is no need of my trying to describe the country around the camp for that has been done far better than I could do it by the regular correspondents in camp. I will say, though, that our first impression of the camp was not very flattering, but the country is such that the more one sees of it the better one likes it. In our spare hours I have taken some long rides and consequently have seen the country for a good many miles around. The scenery, I think, surpasses anything I have ever seen. This part of Alabama is nothing but rolling hills, thickly wooded, and very wild. It is very sparsely populated and the natives are in the main, uneducated farm folks. As Alabama is a dry State, the mountaineers are making money in the illicit whisky trade.

Stories of mountain moonshiners and feuds seem unbelievable to you who live far from this wild country, but nevertheless, as Military Police, we have had some very exciting experiences and several deaths have occurred as a result of our campaign against the moonshiners. Just a little incident to show the character of the men here:

On outpost No. 3 on the Anniston Pike there is a field of sugar cane across the road from the camp. One morning a negro was in there picking a stalk of the cane, I guess to eat, when the farmer came out with a shot gun. After doing a great deal of cussing in the course of which he lost his temper, the farmer rammed the barrel into the negro's forehead just above the eye, making a great round hole going right down to the skull. Not calming down, he discharged a full load of buckshot into the boy's back, arms and neck. We brought him into our troop hospital tent and it was a pitiable sight to watch the doctor dress his wounds. A man must be pretty hard to shoot as this farmer did. I have never seen such a low class of white men as those who live among these hills.

Now for a brief description of camp life. At present, the infantry is drilling hard, day after day, and they are rapidly learning the fine points of the game. Combined with the drills they have lectures twice weekly at night. Soon the rifle ranges will be completed and then there will be lots of action and noise.

The artillery is spending most of the time learning how to ride, and most of them need the

practice. The artillery horses are beginning to come in to the remount station and soon each battery will have the required number of pieces and horses to pull them. The artillery ranges will have the targets against one of the mountains and soon the bark of the light field pieces will be heard.

The cavalry is no more. No more will there be stories of dashing cavalry charges and stories of long hikes and the like. The Virginia Squadron known as the "Richmond Blues," have been given charge of the Remount Station. The Maryland troop has been made into Military Police, together with our own Essex Troop, and Troops Band D of the old squadron have been made into one battery of six-inch field artillery—motor drawn. Our Military Police organization is the cream of the camp, and we have been twice congratulated by General Rafferty, through Major Brown, on our fine work.

Several infantry regiments have been broken up to fill in the new regiment of Engineers, and Signal Corps.

Here is something the school should be interested in. Last week, Tuesday, the new division athletic field was opened. The program filled every minute of a whole day, and it was a holiday, so that the men could participate and watch the events. They had a cross country run, sprints, high jumps, mounted potato race and a football game in the afternoon, between the Engineers and 110th F. A. The Engineers won by a score of 14-0, and the team was captained by Corporal Laurence Sliker (B. H. S., '15), who played a fine game at quarterback.

Battery C, 110th F. A., also has a football team, and Lansing Ten Eyck, Bill Porter, Howard Maze, and Fred DeHart, all Barringer undergrads, play.

A Barringer graduate and famous football star is well known down here. He is Lieutenant Hardy Bush, of Divisional Headquarters Troop.

John Howe, a Barringer graduate and a law school graduate, was in my tent until he was transferred to division headquarters. Last week he received a commission as "Ensign" in the navy.

Lieutenant Wallhäuser was the most popular officer in our old troop, but he was transferred, and is now in France.

Guard Abbott is a Sergeant with Co. A, Engineers.

Bennett Harrison is with Troop B, Military Police.

Sam Austin, who went to Barringer several years ago, and then to Montclair and later to Virginia Military Institute, came all the way from Chicago to enlist in our troop and he is now in the same tent with Judd Neal.

Gil Gregory and Ed Barney are with us and Ed is always a lot of fun, as he was at school.

Arthur Smithhurst, another B. H. S. football star is with Battery E, 110th F. A.

Floyd Shepard, who went to Barringer for several years, is also in our troop, and in the tent next to mine.

I can't think of any other news, and in fact I must close as mess will soon be served.

BEEKMAN SCHAEFFER,
B. H. S., '16.

SURGICAL DRESSINGS.

The Surgical Dressings Committee has been mentioned, at various times in this paper, but too much importance cannot be placed upon the purpose and work of this organization. Founded about a year ago, it was open originally to the Senior and Junior girls only. The work of the committee proved so satisfactory, however, that the Surgical Dressings people found they could use more Barringer girls. Membership is open now not only to the Seniors and Juniors, but also to the Sophomores and Freshmen. Each girl is asked to come to headquarters at Park Place once a week, and stay from 3.30 until 5 P. M. The class is organized under a captain and two lieutenants elected by the girls. The work, supervised by a competent teacher, is very interesting. About three weeks ago a special effort was put forth to arouse greater interest in this work on the part of the school. The girls were requested to knit for the soldiers. The articles finished on October 29 consisted of sweaters, scarfs, caps and wristlets. These are to be sent to France immediately. A collection for surgical dressing work taken up in the school a few weeks ago proved very successful. Everyone was asked to contribute as many pennies as there were years in his age. The entire collection amounted to \$135. This money was used to buy material to make more dressings. The school as a whole, stands behind the Surgical Dressings Committee. Come! girls, join the Surgical Dressings and do your "bit" for your country!

FOOD CONSERVATION.

The problem of food conservation is of paramount interest not only to the American Government, but also to every individual within the United States. It is a suitable tribute to Barringer, that the officials under Mr. Hoover in the campaign for less waste have recognized her importance in the civil life of the community. The volunteers in this work who have visited the school have urged everyone to do his "bit." If we pupils wish to help our Allies, we must eat less candy and sweets. The loyal support which Barringer has always extended to every patriotic cause will undoubtedly be extended to this most worthy work. Many girls have already volunteered to canvass their respective districts for people to sign the Food Administration pledges. It is their aim to make it a neighborhood disgrace if there remains one house without a food card in the window. They are urging the householders to conform to Mr. Hoover's requests in

regard to food. The substitutes which may be used instead of the food needed by our Allies and armies are corn in place of wheat, fish and fowl in place of meat, fats and mineral oils in place of butter, syrups in place of sugar. To help this cause the school candy room, so dear to every Barringerite, has been closed. This was a voluntary act of the pupils. A petition for closing the candy room was signed by over a hundred. But, as a recent speaker pointed out to the school, Barringer can serve her country most effectively by carrying into every house the message of Mr. Hoover, and by making the watchword of the households of Newark, "SAVE."

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY AND BARRINGER.

Once more Barringer has been called upon to respond to a pressing need, and again she has not been found lacking. The recent drive made in our city by the Red Cross Society for new memberships proved to the City of Newark that Barringer High School can be depended upon in a time of crisis. In one week almost eight hundred and fifty members of our school joined this society, organized in the name of humanity. These new members, together with those already enrolled, bring our list of membership up to almost a thousand. Is not this a fact of which to be proud?

But let us not feel that when we have joined and paid our dollars that we have done our full duty and can now forget the great cause for which they were given. For who ever heard of anyone joining a club, paying the dues and then never taking any interest in that society's welfare. Such a thing is absurd! An amazing number of the boys from our own school have offered themselves to help "make the world safe for democracy." It is our duty, those of us who must remain at home, to see that their needs are well supplied. This is one of the duties of the Red Cross. It needs the coöperation of every man, woman and child in the country, both with their money and their time. The society is always in need of contributions of money and knitted articles. Surely no girl in Barringer will be seen doing any knitting except for our soldiers and sailors when she realizes that already many cases of pneumonia have been reported in the training camps. So get to work and stand behind this great organization with all the power you possess!

THE SECOND LIBERTY LOAN.

In the recent campaign carried on by the people of the United States, known as the Second Liberty Loan, which ended October 27th, the students of Barringer, through the school bought \$10,000 worth of bonds. The faculty, who tried very hard not to be beaten by their inferiors(?)

subscribed \$9,650, giving us a lead of \$350, of which we are justly proud. Our boys showed that they are ever ready to do their "bit" by going out on the highways and the by-ways and collecting 33,400 stray dollars for the cause. After the stirring appeal made to us by Mr. Uzal McCarter, chairman of the Liberty Loan Committee of Newark, we ceased to look for excuses for not buying a bond, and swarmed into the office to such an extent that Mr. Stearns was forced to work overtime recording the subscriptions. The response Barringerites have made is very gratifying to the Local Committee. We have set a high mark of attainment which will have to be equalled, if not surpassed, when the Third Liberty Loan drive is inaugurated, probably next spring. *Now* is the time to begin saving for it.

PRO PATRIA.

"HONOR LIST."

Army—Edward Barney, John Bray, Leslie Casler, Fred DeHart, Emilio D'Onofrio, Gilbert Gregory, Bennett Harrison, Robert L. Mackenzie, Howard Maze, Judd Neal, Beekman Schaeffer, Arthur Schmidt, Lansing Ten Eyck, Leopold Weinstein.

Marine Corps—John Bergey William Crecca.

Navy—Lloyd Cox, Willard Crofut, Robert McChesney.

Royal Flying Corps—J. Warner Bellah, Stanley McLaughlin, Stanley Jacobus.

Signal Corps—Gerard Abbott.

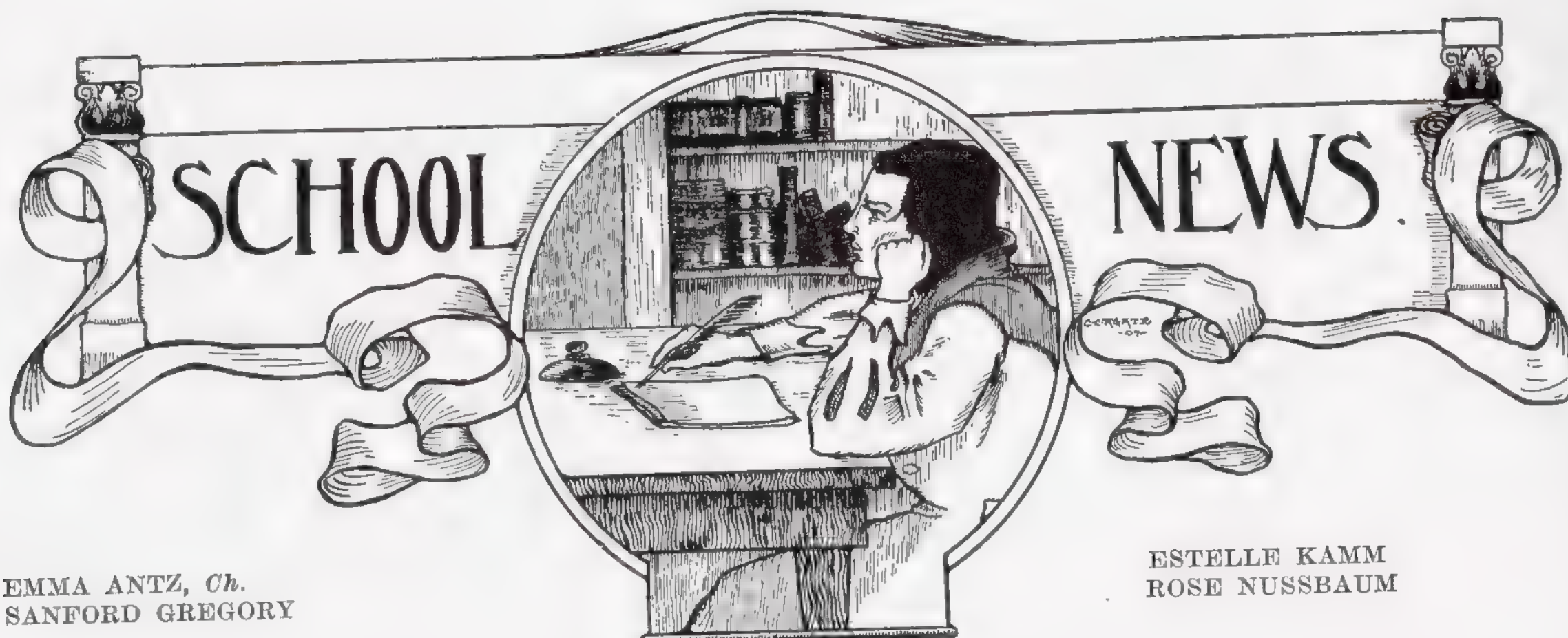
"NEWS FROM THE FELLOWS."

Judd Neal writes that he has had exciting times at Anniston, Ala., chasing "Moonshiners." They live in cabins in the surrounding mountains, and Judd, as a member of the Mounted Police, raids these cabins.

"Beek" Schaeffer who is also a member of the Mounted Police, is busy in this way too. He has been stationed on the road approaching the camp, to search all vehicles for "moonshine whisky."

On October 30th, the school had the opportunity of hearing a man who has just come from the front. Captain Whitwell, of the British Naval Aerial Service, gave us a very interesting talk on conditions at the front.

On October 31st, Mr. Fort, of the Hoover Food Committee, told us how to prevent a long duration of the war by following the instructions and advice of Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, Food Administrator.



EMMA ANTZ, Ch.
SANFORD GREGORY

ESTELLE KAMM
ROSE NUSSBAUM

TREATS IN THE AUDITORIUM.

Barringer has been unusually fortunate this month in having excellent speakers to tell us how we can do our bit to help win the war. We are quite sure we owe these treats to Mr. Stearns, and take this opportunity to thank him for them, and to ask for *more*; for every time we hear a fine talk on something we ought to know about it invariably inspires us to go ahead and do our bit in that particular way.

The first part of October was marked by the Red Cross drive. We were well aware of its importance, but nothing brought our own duty home to us so well as did Mr. George A. Tamblin's great appeal for members. When we knew what a really splendid work the Red Cross is doing, and what a dreadful need of it there is abroad, we were more than eager to be the wearers of membership buttons.

When the Second Liberty Loan Campaign began, Dr. David B. Corson, Acting Superintendent of Schools, and Mr. Uzal H. McCarter, chairman of the Newark Liberty Loan Committee, visited all the Newark High Schools, and impressed on the students the necessity of making this loan a success. "If we don't lend our money to the Government," said Mr. McCarter, "we will have to be taxed. But above this selfish reason there is the nobler one of standing by our country." And then Dr. Corson told us of his own son's experience in the danger zone, and the anxiety of his parents. We began to realize that it was our job to buy Liberty Bonds, and to get other people to do so also, and of course, we went ahead and did it.

Perhaps the most stirring of all the talks we have heard, was Mr. Penningroth's description of European prison camps. It was not a story of glory or conquest, but it struck home. When we were told what it was like to live for months without a single thing to do, how many of us had a sudden feeling of thankfulness for our lessons and the other things we *have* to do!

Mr. Penningroth, who was Y. M. C. A. Secre-

tary in Austrian prison camps, gave graphic pictures of the sad things that he saw there, and told us of the splendid work of the Y. M. C. A. in providing at least *some* amusements for the prisoners. We cannot help being proud that America did these things for Europe, before she was forced into the war herself.

Hardly less interesting was Captain Whitwell's talk. We thought it just fine to see and listen to a real Britisher, and were delighted with the amusing stories he told us at the beginning of his speech. But when he dropped the humorous side, and told us of the *horrors* of war, we realized, if never before, that it is no joke.

The last talk of the month was given by Mr. Franklin W. Fort, son of the ex-Governor. Mr. Fort came to us with a message, and let us know it. He told us that food, more than men, is going to win this war, and explained why. Germany does not scruple to starve helpless women and children to death to gain her ends, and it's up to us to stop her. The only way we can succeed is to send food to these people as soon as we can reach them, and if we Americans keep on eating candy and drinking sodas as we are now, we will be responsible for the deaths of thousands of starved civilians.

GIRLS' PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

Knitting for Army and Navy completed in October.

Sweaters—Helen Benedict (two); Agnes Bradley, Gladys Brown, Winifred Ethridge, Margaret Frazee, Evelyn Gardner, Miss Hardin, Edith Harris, Miss Hill, Ida Kaplan, Theora Lytle, Edith Marshall, Dorothy McCance, Miss Pullin, Miss Rowden, Adelaide Seiber, Charlotte Silberstein, Phyllis Stanley, Helen Tunstead.

Socks—Miss Antz, Anna Douthert, Louise Durand, Kattie Kroto, Winnie Kroto, Miss Price, Katherine Sayre, Teresa Walsh.

Wristlets—Mildred Ammerman, Agnes Bradley, Florence Brewster, Bernice Cooper (two

pairs), Alice Dodge, Eleanor Hagaman (two pairs), Dorothy Halsey, Kittie Kroto, Ruth Kelly, Elizabeth Johnston, Theora Lytle, Harriet Newkirk, Freida Paulus, Miss Price, Christine Russell, Emma Taylor (two pairs), Helen Walsh, Lillian Wandlung, Miss Weiss.

Mufflers—Dorothy Baldwin, Camilla Browning, Grace Held, Elizabeth Nichols, Celia Nussbaum, Margaret Rusby, Katherine Sayre, Jeanne Wechner.

French Caps—May Knust, Margaret Frazee.

Margaret Frazee donated a helmet, muffler, wristlets and sweater knitted from her own material. Edith Schell donated two pairs of wristlets, and Eunice Johnson and Sarah Phillips, Belgian squares.

The girls in Miss Hardin's group also knitted thirty-five garments for the First Regiment.

COLUMBUS DAY EXERCISES.

The Columbus Day exercises held in the auditorium on October the 11th, were not confined to Columbus himself. Five speeches were given about modern Italy, and great Italian men. The program follows:

- "Columbus and Other Italians,"
Gertrude Murray.
- "The King of Italy and the War,"
Camilla Browning.
- "Italy's Military Aims in the War,"
Thurston Lawshe.
- "The Difficulties before the Italian Armies,"
George Corwin.
- "Why Italy Joined the Allies."

THE GERMAN CLUB.

The first meeting of the German Club was held on Wednesday, October 10. The election of officers took place. The following officers were chosen: Louis Kanengeiser, president; Sara Smith, vice-president; Harry Schaeffer, secretary; Fred Green, ACROPOLIS representative. Mr. Nicklas will act as faculty adviser and treasurer. The regular meetings will be held on the third Monday of each month.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

At the recent organization meeting of the Boys' Glee Club, the following officers were elected: Clifford Cooper, president; Joe Brown, vice-president; Joe Wludyka, secretary, and Paul Whitfield, treasurer. With these hustlers piloting the club, the Boys' Glee Club ought to have a very successful season.

It is possible that the members of the Glee Club, who are present at every rehearsal and who are not absent from school more than three times during the term, will receive a one-half point credit. This one-half point will count for the diploma, just the same as does one term of Shop, Drawing, or any other minor subject.

THE THALIANS.

Trials have begun for parts in the Thalians' play to be presented early in December. These trials afford an opportunity to join the Thalians; for, anyone, qualifying for a place in the "semi-finals," that is, anyone revealing any dramatic ability, becomes a Thalian. Many have come out to the first trials and a rather lengthy list of successful applicants, considering the care taken in selecting characters, has appeared on the bulletin board. More trials are coming right along, so that it is expected that a greater number than ever before will become members of the Barringer dramatic club.

Everyone realizes what success the Thalians have had in presenting their plays in the past. This term a well-balanced program of humor and pathos has been selected, and Barringer may expect to receive a treat.

THALIAN DANCE.

On October the 11th, the Thalians opened up the social season, at Barringer, with a dance. In an interesting way the monotony of dancing the entire afternoon was done away with by the presentation of two small but highly amusing plays. The first was a dialogue, "Getting the Thread of It," in which the Barringer type of story-loving girl (Helen Kussy) bores to death the more often found type of girl who doesn't care (Rose Nussbaum). Following this was a fascinating monologue, "The Conjuror's Revenge," given by Joe Brown.

The dance, which was given in order to procure money to pay for the Liberty Bond in the Thalian's possession, was such a success that each month this term the Thalians will give a similar dance with new plays.

THE RADIO CLUB.

OFFICERS.

Faculty Adviser, Mr. Jayson.

President, Dudley Foster.

Vice-President, Virgil Pennington.

Secretary, Angelina Caprio.

Chairman Program Committee, Frank Leibe.

The Radio Club, at its reorganization meeting, decided, because of the prohibition by the Government, of the use of wireless apparatus, in any form, during the war, that it devote its attention to the electrical experimental field in general.

Members who want to test the feasibility of anything which they have seen mentioned in an electrical magazine, or which they have thought of themselves, can have these ideas tried out experimentally, by the whole club. In this way a very thorough knowledge of electricity may be gained. These various suggestions are given to the Program Committee, which decides upon the ones to be tried out at each meeting.

The Club also decided to subscribe to the *Electrical Experimental Magazine*, which has all the latest "kinks" in the way of electrical de-

vices. This magazine will be kept in the physical laboratory where it can be obtained by members of the Club.

ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra held its first regular meeting in Room 39. Many new faces were seen, and everyone could meet the right spirit, and meant business.

Officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows: President, Milton Newsome; Treasurer, Rice; Secretary, Helen Kussy.

Much enthusiasm was displayed by all present when Miss Darnell announced that an opportunity would be given to everyone in Barringer to study some orchestral instrument, such as the violin. These lessons are to be given by a teacher, to be selected by Miss Darnell in the near future. The lessons will be about sixty cents. It is hoped that the school will get behind this movement and accept its golden opportunity.

It was also decided that the orchestra should play at the Tuesday morning assemblies.

Students playing any orchestral instrument are urgently requested to join.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

Faculty Adviser, Miss Price.

President, Dudley Foster.

Vice-President, Harold Green.

Secretary, Mildred Cozzone.

Chairman Membership Com., Kathryn Berry.

Chairman Program Com., Virgil Pennington.

At the reorganization meeting a most interesting talk was given by the new president on his recent trip to Russia. He exhibited a helmet used there. Following this talk, another one was given by Murray Duguid on "Gas Masks in the War."

BARRINGER DISCUSSION CLUB.

The October speakers to the Discussion Club certainly extended many good messages. They aren't preachers nor ministers, but the most prominent of Newark's upright business men. We also had an American sailor tell us of his life aboard ship.

The pins are almost finished, so you'll soon see many boys in Barringer wearing a symbol of Clean Living, Clean Speech, and Clean Athletics. After Thanksgiving, the Club is going to conduct a co-ed sociable, and every member is looking forward to a good time with a good crowd.

Our high water mark for members at one meeting is thirty. South Side's is only eighteen. Let's make it forty for this month, fifty for next month, and so on up. Paul Becker is Chairman of the Membership Committee. Anyone who wishes to join will kindly see him, or any of the officers.

THE 1B RECEPTION.

The 4A's welcomed the 1B's to Barringer, and took them under their personal charge by giving

them and their parents a reception on October 18. At 3 o'clock, the 1B's, their parents, and the 4A's gathered in the flag-bedecked auditorium. Miss Ethel Gansler entertained them with several piano selections, and then President Alfred Terhune welcomed the 1B's. He introduced Mr. Sterns to the parents, to whom a hearty welcome and an invitation to visit Barringer again was given. Then Mr. Hart led all the students present in singing patriotic and school songs. Emma Antz gave a talk on the "History of Barringer," and Sanford Gregory told about our "School Clubs." The treat of the afternoon came in the form of two costume dances by little Esther Laughton, who delighted everyone present with the skill and gracefulness of her performance.

After singing more school songs, everyone went to the gymnasium, where the 1B's introduced their parents to the teachers. While the older folks talked, the younger ones enjoyed dancing. At about half-past four, the parents and teachers were invited to the sewing room, where refreshments were served.

The Senior A's feel that the reception was an all-round success, and that those parents who came learned enough of Barringer to increase their interest in their sons' and daughters' school work.

CERCLE FRANCAISE

The first meeting of the Cercle Française was held October 8th, and the following officers were elected: President, Burke Boyce; Vice-President, Mildred Cozzone; Secretary, Edythe Green.

Since the members of the club now number more than one hundred, they are privileged to send two representatives to the annual reunion of French Federations. This meeting will take place the latter part of the year at the Hotel Biltmore and will be presided over by the French Ambassador to the United States. The delegates will be chosen at the next meeting.

We were most fortunate to have Monsieur Louis Delamarre speak to us. He is a professor of languages and literature at the New York University. The lecture was about "The Castles and the Feudal Life in Ancient France," a topic which interested all of us.

A. A.

A big question before the members of the A. A. is: "Should Cross Country be raised to a major sport and its participants be granted block B's?" There are many fellows who are of the opinion that they should. Their main argument is that the hill-and-dale chasers work as hard and sometimes harder than most of the men on the track team. Hence, since track is a major sport, why shouldn't cross country be a major sport?

On the other hand, there are just as many fellows who believe that cross country should

not be considered a major sport. Their principal argument is that the cross country men do not have to work half as hard as the football warriors. Therefore, cross country should not be put on a par with football.

Well, boys, let's conciliate. Here's our suggestion. Adopt a new emblem, which will be higher in value than a script B, but lower in value than a block B. Say, for instance, a small block B. Then, lower track half a peg and raise cross country a half peg, and grant them this new emblem. According to this scheme, football, baseball, and basketball would receive block B's, cross country and track would receive small block B's, and swimming, tennis and bowling would receive script B's. Think it over boys, and don't color your conclusion according to the team you play on.

B. B. B. CLASS MEETINGS.

The 3B Class is now organized. Mr. Hart, the class adviser, announced that the first meeting would be held October 22. At this meeting a committee, composed of Clarissa Hulse, Elizabeth Tully, George Ebenfeld and William Sullivan, was appointed to draw up a constitution. The class met on October 29, and adopted the constitution. It met again November 5, and elected their officers. 3B's, show your class spirit and help make the Class of June, '19, one of the most successful that Barringer has ever had.

BBBB.

A special meeting of the Class of June, 1918, was held in Room 56 on Monday, October 23. Charles Pilling, the president, made a suggestion that the class raise sufficient funds by weekly installments to pay for a \$100 Liberty Bond. The suggestion seemed to meet with general approval, so a motion was made and carried to adopt this plan.

Members of the 4B Class are justly proud of the fact that they have had the honor of presenting to Barringer the first service flag which has

been thus far displayed in any of the Newark high schools, and we are all very grateful to the girls who gave up so much of their time to making it. The flag now hangs in the auditorium, with its twenty-four stars, an ever resent reminder of the heroism and sacrifice of the Barringer boys who have entered Uncle Sam's service.

THE ODE OF DEDICATION.

On October 23, Miss Rose Nusbaum recited before the school a part of Hermann Hagadorn's "Ode of Dedication." This stirring poem, written by an American college professor and playwright, is perhaps the most successful of all those inspired by the world war. The poetry itself is exceptionally fine, and the subject matter treats of the war, its causes, and the ideals of the nations with unusual skill and understanding. Anyone desiring to read or learn a good piece of modern poetry could not do better than to look up this "Ode of Dedication," with its music of blaring bugles, and its pictures of marching men and flaming banners.

HONORABLE.

(Continued from page 10.)

- Room 75. Charles Caddock, Lewis Kuhnle.
- Room 82. Joseph Miele.
- Room 83. Emelie Echel.
- Room 86. Anna Berlinrut, Irving Bortnicker, Elbert Dey, Samuel Ehrenkranz.
- 1B Room 38. Gertrude Homer.
- Room 39. Mary Crowe.
- Room 76. Grace Gaven, Madeline McMullin, Laura Stephins.
- Room 81. Helen Finn, Bertha Gardiner, Frances Kolodin, Dorothy McCance, Blanche Nixon, Margaret Slater.
- Room 87. Mary Margaret Barr, Margaret Durand, Constance Carpenter, Margaret Kohn, Rebecca Seigel, Stewart Blodgett.
- Room 91. Fred Frost.
- Room 92. Helen Stone.
- Room 95. Annie Dillingham.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

(Continued from page 5.)

ton, a nurse. I left the hospital at eleven o'clock. It was pouring rain, and it was so dark I could hardly find my way along the street. I had not gone far when a man bumped into me, and inquired of me in a muffled voice of broken English, the way to the village. He acted so queerly that I concluded he was ill. In my anxiety to reach home, I soon forgot the man. A short distance on I was startled by a command to halt. It surprised me so, I did not obey the command. The next thing I knew I was in a hospital bed, and accused of being a spy."

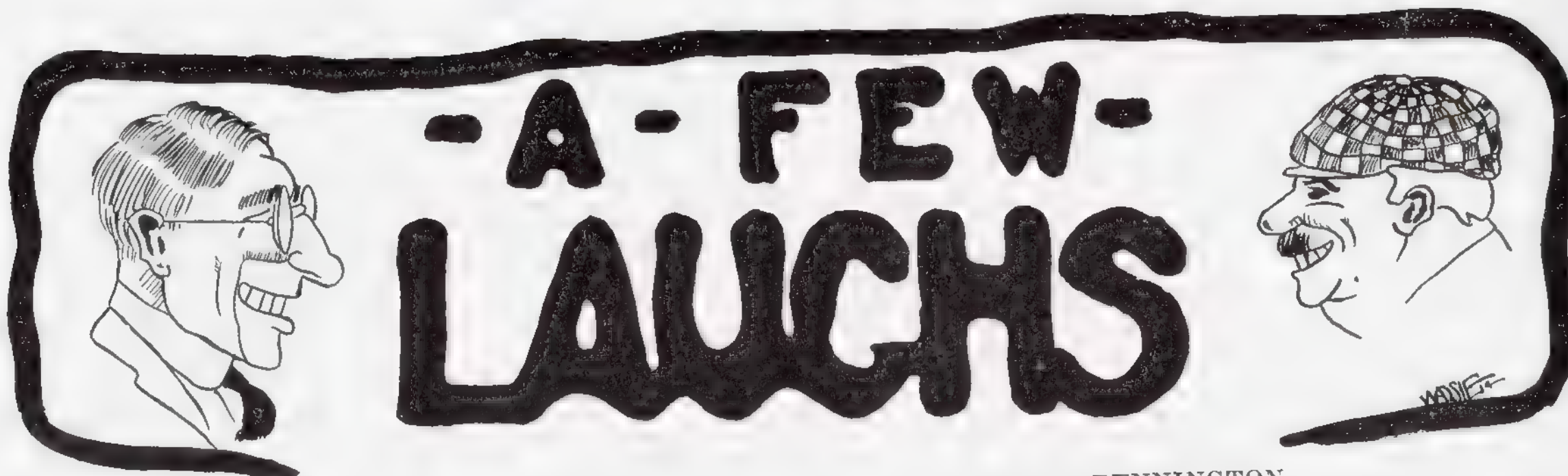
As Ralph had no witnesses or stronger personal defense, the judge could not accept his

story. So he was sentenced to die at seven o'clock the following Monday, which was three days later.

Ralph was then taken back to his cell. He felt terribly upset and despondent, but still had hope that something would turn up to prove his innocence.

In the meantime there lay in the City Hospital an unknown man in a delirious fever. One night when Ruth Hamilton was on duty, this man was talking wildly. Ruth listened carefully, then began to question him. He seemed terribly excited over something he had lost; evidently some valuable papers. Ruth thought at once of Ralph's case, and went the following morning to inter-

(Continued on page 25.)



NORMAN H. BERRY, *Ch.*
KENNETH CARRINGTON
HELEN KUSSY

VIRGIL PENNINGTON
MARION SMITH
CHARLES KELLNER

NOTICE.

Advertising Agency—The undersigned guarantees to voluminously advertise anyone (including themselves) in the personal department on payment of \$10.00 per issue. Payments must be made in advance.

(Signed) Berry—N. H.
Carrington—K. E.
Kellner—C.
Pennington—V.

ADMIRABLY.

Berry—How are you getting along with your Latin, Leavitt?

Leavitt—Pleasantly, I don't bother it any.

"Look here," shouted the excited man to the town druggist, "You gave me morphine instead of quinine this morning."

"Is that so?" replied the druggist. "Then you owe me twenty-five cents more."

IN 77.

Mr. Dumm—The yolk of an egg is not generally as strong after preserving as before.

Corwin—I always thought it to be stronger.

Teacher—Compare the prose and the poetry and tell me which you like better.

Supposing you don't like either?

Teacher—How is milk kept clean?

IB—Sterilize the pail before you milk it.

IB (giving a description of the maidens in Circe's palace)—They had beautiful blue eyes with a fair complexion.

BALKY.

Jennings—I hear you've got a portable garage?

Idler—Yes, and sometimes I wish the car were portable.

UNCONTROLLABLE.

First Prof.—The papers say the Government is going to control everything.

Second Prof.—Well, it's going to have an awful time with that fellow Leavitt.

Willie—Pa, what's a practical economist?
Pa—A man who can get a dollar's worth of anything for a dollar, my son.

Prof.—Can anyone tell me in what year no cotton was exported from the United States?

Mapletoft—Yes. 1491.

She—Would you say that stealing a kiss was petty larceny?

He—No. Grand.



Teacher—Lawshe, one hour after school.

Lawshe—Where is the detention room?

Teacher—Room 51.

Wollman—One (k)night in a Bar(r) room.

Teacher—A good story teller can pile one on another.

Bill Bashful called on Mary fair,
He occupied the sofa there;
That he'd propose was understood,
Said Mary: "Well, sofa so good."

Bill Flanders—Why don't you keep me posted regarding the news on the bulletin board?

Walton—Above the board it said "Post No Bills."

Taylor—How much are those pennants?

Lippman—\$1.00 each.

Taylor—Give me seventy-five cent's worth and keep the change.

Dr. Mathews—The school of experience has no correspondence course.

Miss Coult—What is the purpose of the glossary?

Idler—To put a gloss on the poem.

Them happy days at school! How well
The lessons I recawl,
When teachur lurnt me how to spell,
And oh, the best of all,
Lurnt me to rite my English good,
Frum "A" to "Z" them sune I had,
I studied them so quick
It maid the other sholars mad,
And maid the teachur sick.

Dr. Mathews—Money is at the bottom of nearly everything.

Kellner—Just now it's not at the bottom of my pocket.

Teacher—What's a good conductor?

Samuel—One that gives the money to the company.

Dr. Mathews—Everybody's business is living.
4B—Some people's business is dyeing.

Miss Coult (discussing the "Ancient Mariner")—A great deal of ground is covered in this poem.

Kellner—You mean water.

Class (singing)—Where do we go from here?

Teacher (angrily)—I'll tell you where you go from here, to the detention room.

P. Gleim—Is there any chance of my getting this story published?

Boyce—A little. I might not be editor next year.

Mr. Milwitzky (to class)—Please do that with a lot of less noise.



55.

Miss Coult—You never see a swallow-tailed coat in the daytime.

Dick—I've seen one in the morning, but it wasn't the daytime.

Marj. Freeman (excitedly)—There's a girl down stairs on the top floor that wants to see you.



Carrington (to Miss Dean)—I have an attachment for the typewriter.

Miss Dean—Oh, go to Mr. Stearns. I can't bother with your love affairs.

Kellner comes to school with his lunch falling apart, whistling merrily. Carrington demands an explanation of such outbursts of levity while in such a predicament. Kellner—"Oh, I'm just whistling the Lost Chord."

IN HISTORY.

Pupil (answering)—Duties were removed from food and the like.

Teacher—What is the like?

Pupil—Spiritual liquors.

PATRIOTIC.

Miss Richards—Poole, why don't you save your gum and send it to the soldiers in the trenches?

Poole—I have to chew the gum so that I may give the tinfoil to the Red Cross.

Pat—I saw a funny thing happen last night at the theatre.

Will—What was it?

Pat—At the end of the second act, the leading lady cried, I'm starving! and the curtain came down with a roll.

Flanders (translating)—*L'homme avait un lievre.* The man had one hair.

Riker—Will you change this six to a seven?

Mr. Nicklas—Nein.

Riker—Nine? Oh, that's better yet.

DESCRIPTION.

Passing down the corridor, a gothic window come into view.

IN PHYSICS.

Student—Wood is a poor conductor.

Teacher—Why?

Student—Because it couldn't run a car.

— gee, I feel sick.
 Friend—Here's some medicine (he hands him
 "Advice to the Lovelorn).

IN ENGLISH.

Teacher—Repeat the end of that sentence.
 Riker—Period.

A widow erected a monument to the memory
 of her late husband. The inscription was as fol-
 lows: "Rest in Peace—Until We Meet Again."

Good resolutions are like babies at a concert—
 they ought to be carried out.

He—Have you read "Freckles?"
 She—Oh, no, that's my veil.

Mary—I don't care. I think he's mean.
 Friend—What's up?
 Mary—He wrote me from Egypt, saying he
 shot a crocodile seven feet long, and that when
 he shot another he would have a pair of slippers
 made for me.

Teacher—What is wave length?
 Stude—As long as you can see her.—*Ex.*

Sullivan (to IB stepping on his shoe)—You
 may take the shoes, but please *leave the shine*.

SOME STUFF.

Teacher—Give an example of alliteration.
 Star Stude—Since sister Susan sews socks,
 some soldiers surely suffers sore soles!

Prof.—What is the approximate cost of chest-
 nut coal?

Tries—Why, *a la carte*, about \$7 a ton, and
cul de sac, probably fifty cents extra.

Only great men have enemies; that's why
 Berry goes by unharmed!

Gregory (to Mr. Dumm)—Since everything
 has gone up, why don't you raise our marks?

THE MULE.

By A. FRESHMAN.

The mule is a hardier bird than the goose or
 turkey. It has two legs to walk with, two more
 to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of
 its head. It is stubbornly backward about com-
 ing forward, and very forward about kicking
 backward.



Mr. Taylor (to Samuels who is playing with a
 string)—Put up your knitting, Samuels.

Prof.—What was the principal result of the
 flood?

Freshie (slowly)—The principal result, sir,
 was mud.

Teacher—Who can tell me where politeness
 costs something?

Stude—When putting "Very respectfully
 yours," at the end of a telegram.

IN SCIENCE.

Teacher—Pennington, what is the use of the
 external ear?

Penn—It is mostly used as a handle, I think.

Pupil (translating)—*Er hauste*. He lives.
 Mr. Nicklas—No.

Clever—Then he died.

He is rather off in German,
 And of his English we ought not speak,
 And the higher mathematics
 Always leave him limp and weak.
 His argument is faulty,
 Poetry he'll not peruse,
 And at times we fear his language
 Is the kind he shouldn't use.
 If he has a favorite study,
 Not a prof. has found it out;
 And just why he came to high school
 Is the thing they talk about.
 But admitting that his culture
 Would give most folks quite a jar,
 There's one time when every student
 Will admit that he's a star.
 That's when clad in guards and moleskin
 He goes tearing through the line.
 Crashing, crushing, ducking, running—
 There are few sights quite so fine.
 Big and brawny, clever, fearless,
 He will plow through any foe;
 That's why we o'erlook the many
 Things which he will never know.

IN CHEM.

Corwin, what is nutritious food?
 Corwin—Food that hasn't any taste to it.

IN THE RESTAURANT.

Patron—You're conserving food, I judge, by the size of your portions.

Manager—Yes, sir.

Patron—Well, here's fifteen cents, half the amount of my check—I'm conserving my own resources.

SOME EXCUSE.

Teacher—Herbell, was that you who whistled?

Parker—Yes, sir, but I didn't mean it. I had a little air in my mouth and I wanted to push it out but I didn't think it would make any noise.

IN 36.

Wallhauser, if your father worked eleven hours a day and—

Wally—Please teacher, I can't answer that question.

Teacher—And why not?

Wally—Because my father is a union man.

HE KNEW.

Prof.—Ikey, is the world flat or round?

Ikey—It is neither flat nor round.

Prof.—Where did you get that idea?

Ikey—From my father; he says the world is crooked.



Brewster—Say, Boyce, lend me one of your socks. I want to show Mr. Dumm what a specimen looks like.

Young Patriot—If I were your age I'd be in a uniform!

Supposed to be Slacker—Yes, but I guess it would have stripes.—*Ex.*

Miss Thorpe—Whom does Milton mean by the Pilot of the Galilean Lake?

Wollman—Gallileo!

Our school work is full of a number of things,
Yet when three o'clock comes, were as happy
as kings.

Uncle—Mary, what would you do to a young man if he kissed you on the forehead?

Mary—I would call him down, uncle.



L. Dick—Say, Sullivan, why do the girls wear patches on their faces?

Sullivan—Well, I suppose even a coat of powder sometimes needs a patch.

Mr. Losey—Someone volunteer, how much of the population were yeomen in the seventeenth century?

Tries—One-fourth.

Mr. Losey—Will some one volunteer, who will tell the truth?



"Does Jennings drive his car?"
"No. They all coax it!"

Music charms even wild beasts. Is that why the orchestra plays for us every week?

DEEP STUFF.

Bryden—Got a pencil to lend me?

Bullevant—No, but I have one with *two points*.



"Why is the South Side football team like the month of March?"

"Because it 'comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb.'"

TO W. RIKER.

Teacher calls me Wilbur,
The fellows call me Will,
Mother calls me Billy,
But Marguerite calls me "Bill."



JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.*
JOHN JENNINGS
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE
LOUIS KUHNLE
DOROTHY DUNCAN

WE DEFEAT PHILLIPSBURG IN A HOTLY CONTESTED GAME.

We came out on the long end of a 6-3 score in our encounter with Phillipsburg High at the City Field. Juliano had the honor of being the first player to score a touchdown for his Alma Mater this season. This on top of his winning field goal at Passaic, stamps Julie as a player of ability.

The game started with Juliano kicking off. The Warren Co. boys could not gain on a rush through Doremus, so they kicked for a scant twenty-five yards. Juliano made a splendid return, running back the pigskin to their twenty-five yard line. Then the fun began. Then one after another, Poole, Ritchie and Gregory smashed their way through to the five-yard line. Then with the goal to go, Phillipsburg took a decided brace and as back after back tried for a smash through, they were hurled back for a loss. Then the whistle blew for the quarter. At the beginning of the second quarter, after the ball was taken to the other side of the field, Juliano made a splendid dash for twenty yards on Regan's kick. This placed the ball within striking distance of the Phillipsburg goal. Then one rush after another, with Poole and Gregory doing the heavy work, placed the ball on the ten-yard line. Here we were held for three downs, but on the fourth, Juliano sped around right end, eluding their secondary defense and crossed the line for the first touchdown of the season. The try for goal was missed. Phillipsburg seemed to gain heart instead of losing confidence toward the close of the half, and made our boys step a pretty lively clip, nevertheless, superior play triumphed, for we held them in check until the whistle for the half had sounded.

Towards the end of the third period, the excellent running back of a punt by Williver, quarterback for the up-state bays, together with a concentrated and terrific assault on the flank positions placed Phillipsburg in scoring distance of our goal. But here our line held like a proverbial stone wall against the combined attacks of Gebhart, Regan and Gallaway. But the unexpected happened. After seeing their efforts to score through our line were futile, Captain Talman dropped back to the twenty-second yard line and kicked the prettiest drop-kick of the season. This brought the score to 6-3. For the rest of the half the ball see-sawed from one side of the field to the other, neither team having a decided advantage of the other. The game ended with the ball on Phillipsburg thirty-five-yard line.

The victory for our boys showed that they have already struck their stride. The guards and ends showed a marked improvement over the Passaic game, while Gregory ran the team in fine style. The showing of Juliano was noteworthy, for several times he made gains through a seemingly impassible field. Poole and Ritchie each played a steady, convincing type of football. Hummel, before his injury, showed some excellent line bucking ability. The score:

Barringer.

Phillipsburg.

Frazer	Orr
	Left End.
Mutchler	Talman
	Left Tackle.
Addonizio	Smith
	Left Guard.
Doremus	Brotzman
	Centre.
Becker	Branse
	Right Guard.

Kuhnle	Raub	Beers	Gregory
Foster	Berry	Kieb	Pole
Gregory	Williver	Rosenfeld	Foster
Poole	Gebhart	Lehman	Ritchie
Juliano	Gallaway		
Ritchie	Regan		

Umpire—Vic Schwartz, Brown. Referee—C. Garrison, Wesleyan. Field Judge—W. E. Short, Rahway. Head Linesman—C. Schneider, Barringer. Time of Quarters, 10 min. Barringer substitutions—Tankoss for Foster, Noble for Doremus, Minster for Gregory, Gregory for Poole, Rondeau for Becker, Poland for Addonizio.

BARRINGER IS EAST SIDE'S MASTER.

The Blue and White pigskin chasers took the measure of the downtown boys by a score of 20-0.

Although the Barringer line was sadly crippled, it managed to stave off the East Side attack. The team that Coach Butterworth put on the field was probably the best that East Side has ever had.

Barringer got the break in the beginning and followed it up throughout the entire game.

The back field combination for Barringer was a new one. Johnny Foster having been shifted from end to halfback to fill "Tony" Juliano's place.

Poole and Ritchie, however, were the main works of the back field, and to these two fell most of the work.

Louie Kuhnele's work in the line for Barringer was the feature of the line work, while Poole's running in the broken field was in a class by itself.

Lew Ritchie's two field goals gave the public something to think about.

Rosenfeld and Kieb played well for East Side.

The line-up:

<i>East Side.</i>		<i>Barringer.</i>	
Gillis	Left End.	Frazer	Left End.
Roever	Left Tackle.	Poland	Left Tackle.
Kreitzberg	Left Guard.	Addonizio	Left Guard.
Carboy	Center.	Doremus	Center.
Sanderson	Right Guard.	Munn	Right Guard.
Kingman	Right Tackle.	Kuhnele	Right Tackle.
Mulvaney	Right End.	Riker	Right End.

Beers	Gregory
Kieb	Pole
Rosenfeld	Foster
Lehman	Ritchie

Goals from touchdown—Ritchie (2). Touchdown—Poole (2). Field goals—Ritchie (2). Substitutes, Barringer—Van Ness for Addonizio, Ebenfeld for Foster. East Side—T. Myer for Rosenfeld, Kirschman for Lehman. Referee—Short, Rahway. Umpire—Smith, Rhode Island State. Head linesman—Short, Princeton. Time of Quarters—10 minutes.

DICKINSON FALLS BEFORE THE BARRINGER ELEVEN.

The Dickinson High School football team although it scored first was unable to hold on to its lead, and finally fell before the Barringer onslaught. The score was 20-13.

The whole game was an uphill fight for Barringer, but our boys showed their fight and came from behind to win. With Juliano back, the blue and white back field showed a better attack and was able against a heavier team to successfully hit the line.

The Dickinson punting was far below that of the average high school team, and this fact was probably their undoing, as it was blocked kicks that brought our team within striking distance. "Dick" Frazier clearly showed himself to be one of the best ends in this section; his playing was faultless. Juliano and Poole were the stars of the Barringer back field.

Peters and Morris played fine ball for the Jersey City team. The line-up:

<i>Barringer.</i>		<i>Dickinson.</i>	
Frazer	Left End.	Shanks	Left End.
Poland	Left Tackle.	Dormer	Left Tackle.
Addonizio	Left Guard.	Langenbacker	Left Guard.
Doremus	Center.	Konigsberg	Center.
Riker	Right End.	Schnitzer	Right End.
Kuhnele	Right Tackle.	Czerwinski	Right Tackle.
Munn	Right Guard.	Frosch	Right Guard.
Gregory	Quarterback.	Duffy	Quarterback.
Juliano	Right Halfback.	Peters	Right Halfback.
Poole	Left Halfback.	Beardmore	Left Halfback.
Ritchie (Capt.)	Fullback.	Morris (Capt.)	Fullback.

SCORE BY PERIODS.

Barringer	7	0	0	13—20
Dickinson	7	0	6	0—13

Touchdowns—Poole 2, Peters 2, Juliano.
Goals from touchdowns—Ritchie 2, Beardmore.

Substitutes—For Barringer: Merrola for Addonizio, Van Ness for Poland, Foster for Poole, Minster for Gregory. For Dickinson: Bennett for Schnitzer, Gridley for Frosch, Carol for Gridley, Post for Bennett.

Referee—MacDonald, Brown. Umpire—Elder, Williams. Linesman—Schneider, Warden School. Time of periods—10 and 11 mins.

CENTRAL NO MATCH FOR BARRINGER.

The Barringer gridiron warriors easily showed their superiority over the Central players by defeating the High street aggregation by a score of 31-0 at the City Field.

Louie Ritchie of Barringer, kicked off to Hyman. The Central backfield, however, lacked the punch to advance the ball and when Pistoles, the Central halfback endeavored to throw a forward pass from their five-yard line, our line was too fast and broke through too quickly. Pistoles missed the pass, the ball rolling over the goal line where "Kid" Riker, Barringer's clever right end, fell on it for the first score of the day.

The Barringer first team was taken out of the game in the second half to give the second string men an opportunity to show their worth.

In the last period, "Hank" Minster showed the spectators some classy open field running by wading through the Central tackles for a distance of twenty yards, crossing the goal line for the final score of the game.

Poole played his regular flashy game for Barringer, while Hyman was Central's hero.

The line-up:

<i>Barringer.</i>	<i>Central.</i>
Frazer	Lonneff
Becker	Greenblat
Munn	Schenkel
Noble	Zeckhausen
Mutchler	Germanis
Kuhnele	Rosenblume
Riker	Dreher
Gregory	Hyman
Foster	Pistoles
Poole	Caprio
Ritchie	Flockhart

Referee—Woodman, Colgate. Umpire—Ikas, Newark Academy. Head linesman—Bauman, Springfield Y. M. C. A. Training School. Touchdowns—Poole (3), Minster, Riker. Goal from touchdown—Ritchie. Substitutes, Barringer—Mahon for Foster, Ebenfeld for Ritchie, Bryden for Urmy, Van Ness for Mutchler, Merola for Munn, Herbell for Frazer, Doremus for Noble, Addonizio for Van Ness, Van Ness for Becker, Ludlow for Poole; Central, Hauser for Hyman, Huber for Rosenblume. Time of quarters—10 minutes.

BARRINGER OUTPLAYS SOUTH SIDE.

Before a crowd of five thousand, the Barringer football team showed the South Side boys the way to a 10-7 victory.

Barringer started the game minus its star fullback, and Captain Ritchie was laid up from injuries received in the Central game. Nevertheless our boys gave a good account of themselves. Barringer kicked off to South Side. The yellow and black back field was unable to penetrate the Barringer line, and resorted to a kicking game. "Sammie" Gregory, who called the signals for Barringer, drove the blue and white eleven within scoring distance twice, only to lose the ball on downs.

Most of the play in the first half was in the South Side territory. Time and time again nothing but Seamen's kicks saved the South Side team. "Hank" Minster showed skill in running back kicks on several occasions.

South Side scored their only point at the beginning of the third quarter, when Weismuller, who received the kick off, pulled that time-worn trick, the criss-cross on the kick off, and slipped the ball to Seaman. Our boys were caught napping and the Sunny Sider got away with a seventy-yard run. This brought the ball to the Barringer three-yard line, where after three attempts the ball was forced over. Seaman kicked the goal.

This score did not discourage the Barringer players, for they carried the ball down the field and pushed it over for a touchdown. "Poolie" took the honor of crossing the South Side goal line and planted the ball directly under the crossbar. "Dave" Hummel kicked the goal, and this tied the score.

The Barringer fighters, however, were not satisfied and once again pushed the ball down the field. Hummel's try at field goal from the twenty-yard line was a failure. However the Barringer team was not to be denied their victory and again took the ball within striking distance. This time Hummel's try was better and the ball passed cleanly between the uprights, scoring the winning points.

South Side endeavored to rally, but they were too late. "Jing" Noble, playing center for Barringer, was the star linesman of the game, while

"Georgie" Poole carried off the honors in the back field.

Seaman, of the South Side, played a sterling game at halfback, while Smith and Shapiro at tackle proved the mainstay of the yellow and black line.

The line-up:

<i>Barringer.</i>		<i>South Side.</i>
Frazer		Kurtz
	Left End.	
Becker		Fava
	Left Tackle.	
Poland		Smith
	Left Guard.	
Noble		Princer
	Center.	
Munn		Schilling
	Right Guard.	
Kuhnele		Shapiro
	Right Tackle.	
Riker		Leveen
	Right End.	
Minster		Weismuller
	Quarterback.	
Poole		Seaman
	Left Halfback.	
Foster		Bioren
	Right Halfback.	
Gregory		Kohn
	Fullback.	

Referee—Garrison, Wesleyan. Umpire—McDonald, Brown. Head linesman—Ikas. Time of quarters—15 minutes. Substitutes, South Side—Puth for Fava. Barringer—Hummel for Minster, Rondeau for Munn, Mutchler for Poland. Touchdowns—Weismuller, Poole. Field goal—Hummel.

BARRINGER N. H. S. A. A. CHAMPS.

Our team by defeating East Side 20-0, Central 31-0, and South Side 10-7, carried off the position of honor in the Newark High School A. A.

BARRINGER OUTRUNS BLOOMFIELD.

In what proved to be an interesting run, our boys outclassed the hill-and-dalers of Bloomfield High over the Branch Brook course. Pickwick

was the first man home, defeating Garlock, who came in fourth after a game run. The pack kept pretty well together until the last time around, when Pickwick and Garlock began slowly to pull away from the bunch. On the home-stretch Pickwick, Cooper and Wostroff, of our boys, and Garlock were close together, but on the Park avenue hill our boys drew away from the Bloomfield lad who finished a poor fourth. Pickwick's time for the course was 18 min., 30 secs. Our boys ran a highly commendable race, keeping well bunched at all times, showing the excellent training they are getting. The first ten men are:

1.	Pickwick, Barringer	18.30
2.	Wostroff, Barringer	18.32
3.	Cooper, Barringer	18.33
4.	Garlock, Bloomfield	18.42
5.	Belino, Barringer	18.45
6.	James, Bloomfield	18.55
7.	Frank, Bloomfield	19.01
8.	Mitchell, Barringer	19.08
9.	Fetan, Bloomfield	19.26
10.	Diguid, Barringer	19.32

TEAM SCORE.

		POINTS.
Barringer	1—2—3—5—8	19
	4—6—7—9—14	40

SWIMMING AND BASKETBALL.

Now that the field hockey season is almost over, girls are beginning to look forward with interest to the swimming and basketball seasons. As usual there will be the interclass teams in basketball, which will try out for the championship. Practice will begin after Thanksgiving holidays. The games will probably be over by Christmas holidays.

Swimming will also get under way after Thanksgiving, and an effort will be made to have more meets than we had last year. Most of last season, our initial one, was given over to practice, and we had but one meet with South Side. Everybody out—and make it a successful season for both teams.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

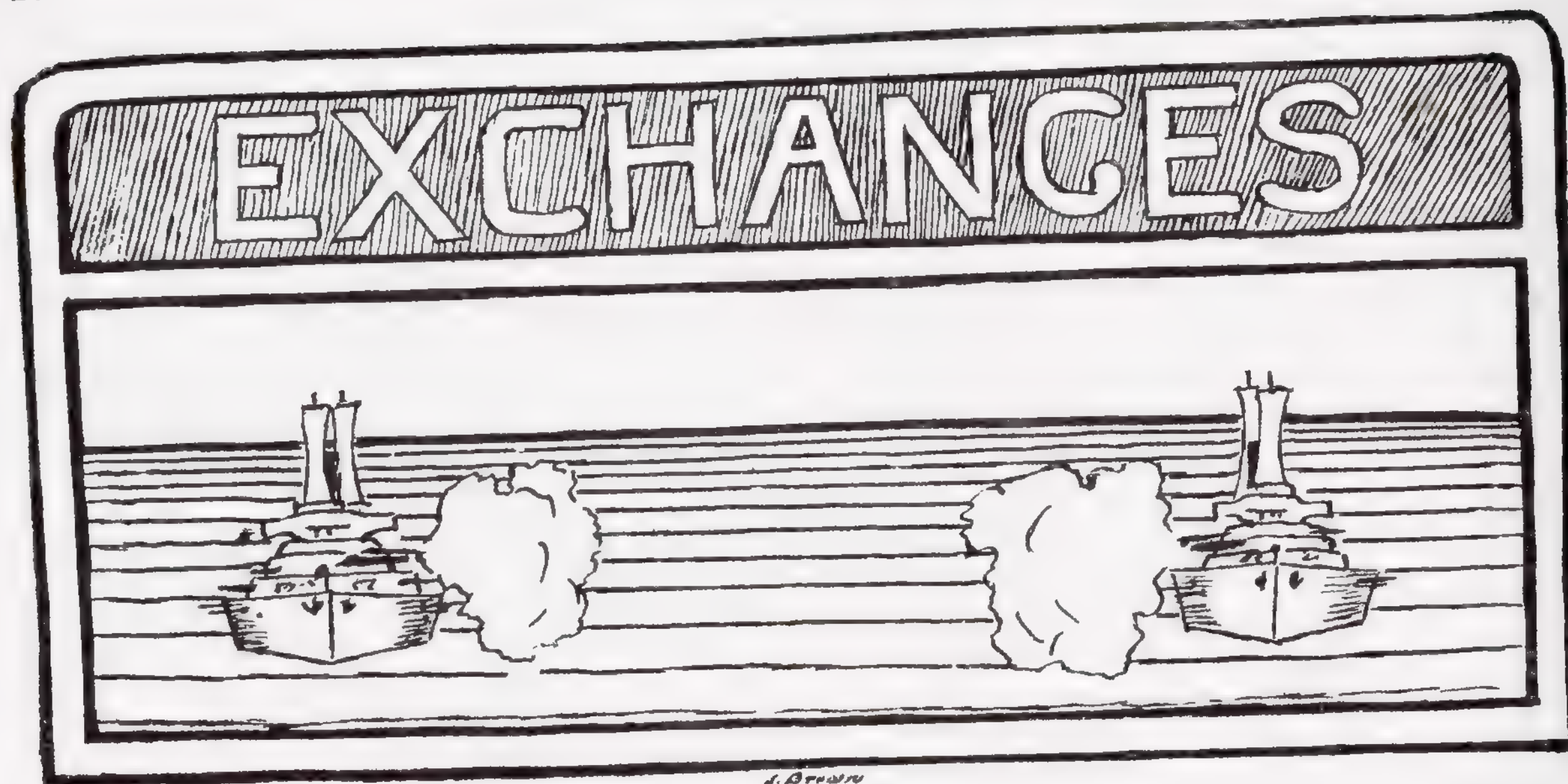
(Continued from page 17.)

view the judge. He became interested immediately. The clothes and other belongings of the unknown man were carefully examined. Traces were found that practically proved him to be a German spy. The following morning Ralph was to be shot. The judge finally consented to give him more time, at least until further information could be gathered concerning this foreigner.

The sick man regained consciousness in two days, and when questioned by the judge, confessed that he was a spy and had carried papers which contained a plot to blow up a large muni-

tions plant. He said that he had become frightened the night Ralph met him, and had thrust the papers into Ralph's pocket, then hurried away. After this confession was made, he lapsed into an unconscious state, from which he never recovered.

The judge having learned these facts, immediately revoked Ralph's sentence, and discharged him from prison. When Ralph discovered that Ruth had saved him, and proved his innocence, he did not hesitate a moment about proposing to her. Needless to say, Ruth accepted him and they were married immediately. Now Ralph often tells his children the story of his narrow escape.



RUTH KNIPE, Ch.
ALBERT BIEDERMAN
JACK BRYDEN

The ACROPOLIS wishes to express its thanks for the following exchanges, which have been received during the past month:

Boy's Lantern, College News, Columbia Alumni News, Conwayan, Counter Currents, Crimson and White, High School Herald, Impressions, Lafayette, Massachusetts Collegian, New Yorker, Polymnian, Polytechnic, Red and Black, Sphinx, Spectator, Syracuse Daily Orange, Tuskegee Student, Tripod, Wesleyan Argus, Williams Record, Yale Alumni Weekly, Tech News, Ramble, School News.

Your October number is indeed an excellent one. Your Literature and Editorials are full of "pep." You might, how-

THE SPECTATOR, ever, lengthen your joke
TRENTON, N. J. department and also put

your boys' and girls' athletics under one head. Welcome, *Spectator*.

The cover design of your October issue is quite original. "Peace at any Price," is certainly a dandy little story. Ex-

RED AND BLACK, change might be length-
READING, PA. ened. Your Athletics and

School News are very well written. Come again, *Red and Black*.

You have a "nifty" Freshman number, *News*. Every page is put to good advantage. Personals

are a hand-picked bunch; your Lit. is snappy and your Editorials are timely and worthy of thought. School News is well

written-up, but there is not enough of it. Why

not get some more Exchanges? Your soldiers would like them. Don't mind the increased cost of postage, come again.

If all of our exchanges from places in the United States were as regular in sending their

COLLEGE NEWS,
BANGKOK CHRISTIAN
COLLEGE,
BANGKOK, SIAM.

papers as this one from Siam, we should have an immense Exchange Department. The

English part is well written-up, so we'll have to take their word for it that the Siamese part is just as good. Speaking about alluring serials, they are running one (in English) that almost makes one's hair stand up. We are waiting for the next installment, so don't forget to send it, *College News*.

Certain features of your paper may be improved. To begin with, your cover design, at

SCHOOL LIFE, best, scarcely befits a
METUCHEN H. S., high school. Why don't
METUCHEN, N. J. you criticize a few of

your Exchanges? Your paper is, in the main, good, and gives promise of continued good work.

Your Autumn Number, *Impressions*, is very attractive. Your departmental cuts are artistic and well drawn. Why not

IMPRESSIONS, put Impressions and Class
CENTRAL H. S., Notes into one Personals
SCRANTON, PA. Department? By the way,

where is that Table of Contents? You should not omit such an important part of your paper. Come again.

Counter Currents is a very snappy and interesting paper. The October number is especially so, because it has the

COUNTER CURRENTS, picture of one of
NEWARK, N. J. our own girls in it.

Your paper is certainly novel and full of "pep." Come again.

Your Literature and Alumni Notes are very good. It is quite unusual to see as good an Exchange Department as yours.

HIGH SCHOOL HERALD, ment as yours.
WESTFIELD, MASS. Your Jokes are

rather short.

Athletics and Locals might be placed under large headings. Call again.

THE ACROPOLIS:

"The *Acropolis* reflects the spirit of a wide-awake school. The patriotic cover is quite timely and the arrangement of your Exchange Department is interesting and quite 'different.'"—*Signal*.

THE ACROPOLIS:

"Your cover design is very attractive and appropriate for the present time. Your stories prove very interesting, but seem to be too short. Your Editorials are well written. Your page of Faculty Notes is a very good idea. What is the matter with your Alumni Department? You have a big Humor Department, but it contains some old and dry jokes. We look forward to seeing you again."—*Red and Black*.

THE ACROPOLIS:

"Your magazine would be greatly improved if you were to change its size. Make it small and more compact, as it is very awkward to handle. All your departments are very fully written up. We feel that it is not lack of ambition or effort on your part that the paper is not of the highest grade. The very prevalent use of slang expressions does become monotonous. Try to give your paper a more dignified tone."—*Crimson and White*.

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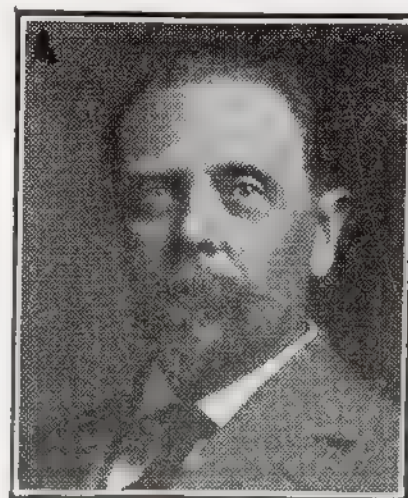
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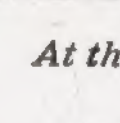
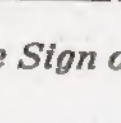
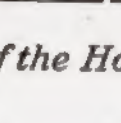
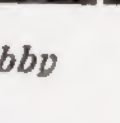
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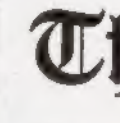
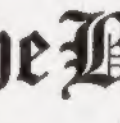
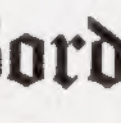
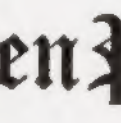
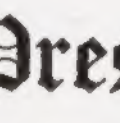
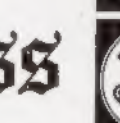
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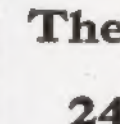
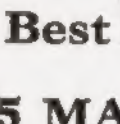
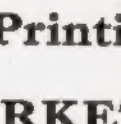
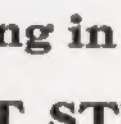
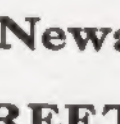
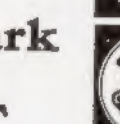
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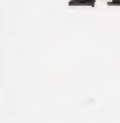
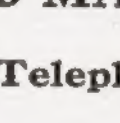
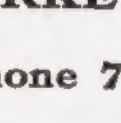
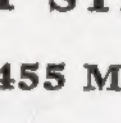
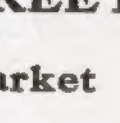














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